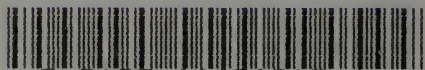


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Verses by Mrs. Mary H. B. Seymour,
In memory.

These verses, of one who wrote them out of a full heart, are now printed as a memorial of her and as manifestation of the love which prompted the expression of the thoughts embodied in the verses. They were all written before the year 1870. They have been selected for special reasons, not because nothing was written later than that date. For the Sunday Schools in which Mrs. Seymour was interested, she wrote many Christmas and Easter carols, but no collection was ever made of these, and, printed as they were with other carols for immediate use, it is impossible to tell in many cases which were written by her and which chosen from other sources.

These verses, now printed, show the spirit in which she passed her life—humble, helpful, hopeful. She was always ready with sympathy when her friends were in joy and in sorrow. Probably those who remember these traits in her character will find in these verses the spirit which was the ruling principle of her life, and will recognize the source whence sprang these streams of refreshing and comforting thoughts. They are printed in the hope that an influence which was always exerted for others' welfare may not cease to be felt, now that she has passed beyond the veil, and also with the thought that they who were loved by her will be glad to have this memorial of a life now continued in the joys and activities of Paradise.

S. O. S.

Litchfield, August 30, 1913.

c Storrs Ozias Seymour,

MAR 23 1940

“I would not live away.”

When wilt Thou take me home,
O loving Lord?
When shall I cease to roam,
Father adored?
In hope I rest secure,
Nor earth nor hell shall lure
My trust from Thee.

“’Tis but a little while,”
Jesus hath said:
This shall my way beguile
And gladness shed:
Then, Thou Thyself wilt come,
Jesus, to take me home:
So let it be.

Why then cast down, my soul?
Why thus distrest?
Though waves of sorrow roll,
Though ne’er at rest,
The everlasting Arm
Keeps thee from deadly harm,
’Twill rescue thee.

Weary and desolate
Though I may be,
Darkness will soon abate
And sorrow flee :
When from my Heavenly King
Bright messengers shall bring
My summons home :

Home, where my dear ones dwell,
Gone on before ;
Blest Home, where " all is well "
Forevermore ;
Home of the angels bright,
Home of the " saints in light,"
Home of my GOD.

" See how these Christians love one another."

'Tis not that in our veins we trace
One drop of kindred blood, the tide
Of life within our souls is one,
The blood which flowed from Jesus' side.

'Tis not that in our daily life
Our pathways side by side have lain,
That thus we might our burdens share
Or bear each other's grief and pain.

Our souls have chosen the same road
Through joy or sorrow, light or gloom.
That way is "narrow." Can we then
Far separate reach our Heavenly Home?

There is a "friendship of the world,"
But we own not its flattering tie,
Since to our hearts our God hath shown
It can not live eternally.

Friendship in Christ worketh not death.
Dearer than aught of earthly love,
It dies not with us, but we hope
To see it perfected above.

When through the shadowed vale of death
We pass, why need we fear its gloom?
'Tis only dark, because beyond
So brightly shines our Heavenly home.

When face to face we stand with Him,
Whom though not seeing, we adore
On earth—our Saviour, Priest and King—
What can our raptured souls ask more?

Yet, one thing more shall added be,
Together we shall sing the song
Of the redeemed;—together stand
Amid the holy blood-bought throng.

E'en as the cup which skilful hand
Hath filled, till but one small drop more
Would cause its overflow—yet safe
A rose leaf on its surface bore.

Thus in our souls the fount of bliss
Made perfect in Christ's presence, by
His grace this added blessing bears—
Friendship throughout Eternity.

A Noon-day Hymn.

Weary of sin, which all day long
Does my poor wavering heart beguile,
Weary of worldliness and care,
Weary of Satan's cunning guile,

Dear Lord, at this, the noon-day hour,
By earth's distracting cares opprest,—
To Thee my fainting spirit turns,
To Thee, Who art Thy people's Rest.

Alas! how weak, how frail thou art,
Poor wavering soul, who but this morn
Resolved in purity to walk!
Art sure that wish was Heaven born?

Ah, yes, dear Lord, but without Thee
Each moment near, I faint, I fall:
Naught in myself, I ask Thine aid,
Who art my life, my strength, my all.

Now, until earth's short day shall close,
Father, Thy watchful care be nigh
To guard me from temptation's power,
To fit me for my Home on High.

“For one look at self, take ten at Christ.”

“One look at self”—alas, poor heart,
What joy or peace can that impart
To soothe thy conscience' bitter smart?
No more at self I'll look.

But I will turn me to the place
Where, ever full of grace,
I see my Saviour's glorious face.
To Thee, O Christ, I'll look.

Yes, unto Him who died for me,
Who giveth pardon full and free,
Whose love is from eternity,
To this dear Lord I'll look.

In Him is all-sufficient grace
To fit me for the heavenly place,
If but His promise I'll embrace.
Oh, then to Him I'll look.

For One with GOD to intercede
For all the strength I daily need,
Heavenward my lagging soul to speed,
To Thee, O Christ, I'll look.

Should Satan's powers my soul assail,
Till almost heart and flesh should fail,
Yet never shall my foe prevail,
If unto Christ I look.

If aught my earthly friends estrange,
And fondest hopes know saddest change,
Naught can my spirit's peace derange,
If unto Christ I look.

And in my trial-hours of woe,
When grief and sorrow overflow,
To Whom but Jesus should I go?
Where else for refuge look?

If pain or suffering be my share,
Oh, never let my soul despair!
For strength the heaviest cross to bear,
To Jesus' arm I'll look.

And ever as I journey on,
I fain would pause to hear anon
The accents of a spirit-tone
Whispering, "To Jesus look."

E'en when I yield my latest breath,
In conflict with the victor Death,
Unto my fainting soul it saith,
"Thither, O sinner, look."

"I wept in dark Gethsemane,
I died for thee on Calvary,
My Home is thine eternally.
To Me, poor sinner, look.

"Cast thou away each doubt and fear,
Solace thy heart, dry every tear.
Comfort and hope and strength are here.
Hither, O weary, look.

"Look not with sorrowing heart within,
There thou shalt find but guilt and sin.
Strive not thyself the crown to win.
Unto thy Saviour look.

"For 'Wisdom,' My omniscience plead.
For 'Righteousness,' My perfect deed.
For 'Holiness,' yea, all thy need,
'To Me, O sinner, look.'"

Lord, I would fain believe, and come,
To Thee, my Refuge and my Home,
Never in life or death to roam,
But ever Christward look.

Then through Thy blood redeemed and blest,
My soul in this "sure hope" possest,
Forevermore, in perfect rest,
To Thee, O Christ, I'll look.

An Evening Hymn.

"At evening time it shall be light."

Come to me, Lord, to-night
And make Thy dwelling in my inmost heart,
That nevermore from Thee my soul may part:
Its never-failing Light!

This is my pressing need,—
A faith that cannot doubt the matchless grace
Which bids me, fearless, seek a Father's face,
If but Christ's name I plead.

That all-prevailing Name
Which never will His Father fail to hear;
Name of all Names in Heaven and earth most dear,
Eternally the same.

O that my soul might feel
More deeply all Thy grace hath wrought for me,—
And, casting self away, more clearly see
How only Christ can heal.

My guilty load of sin!
Who know'st so well as Thou its depth and height!
O Thou Who with a pure omniscient sight
Mark'st every thought within!

But Thy sweet grace, O Lord,
Is able yet to raise a worm like me
Unto Thyself,—if I but look to Thee,
Rest wholly in Thy Word!

Thou, Lord, to me hast said,
“O weary one, return unto thy Home.”
Hither, dear Lord, Thy wandering child hath come
By Thy blest Spirit led.

Under the shadow of Thy wing
I'd make my refuge,—till the cares and fears
Of life are past—then through its tears
For joy my soul shall sing.

And when it speeds its way
To join the ransomed 'mid the heavenly throng,
Christ shall be all its joy, and all its song,
On through eternal day.

“ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Sinful I am, O Lord,

Yes, lost in sin !

Each thought seems tainted with its baneful stain,

Each action needs to make me mourn again

That I am thus,

All wrong within.

Have pity, Lord.

O gracious Lord, forgive

This sinful soul !

Daily and hourly do I give Thy pure heart pain,

That heart whose tender mercies fall like rain

On parched earth :—

Ah ! make me whole.

My sins forgive !

To whom, Lord, can I go

To cleanse this stain

Which so defiles e'en my purest thought,

But unto Him whose priceless blood hath bought

New robes for me—

That cleansed again

Onward I go !

Dear Jesus! hear my prayer,
And teach me how
Even a wandering sinful child like me
Can through Thy grace be wholly lost in Thee,
And in God's sight
All sinless bow,
Through Thy dear prayer!

“For He ever liveth to make intercession for us.”

Hymn.

For the first Sunday in the New Year.

Father, for this dear day,
When to Thine earthly courts our feet have sped
To join the praises of the Church's throng,
To echo back the angels' glorious song,
Our heartfelt thanks we pay.

First in the glad New Year
Of all Thy Holy Days,—we fain would have
A contrite spirit for each past misdeed,
An humble faith for all our future need,
And of ourselves, sore fear.

Fear that shall drive us close
Unto the Rock Christ Jesus,—fear of pride
That daily grieves the Lord we crucified,
Of selfishness, and all the host beside
Of spiritual foes.

Oh! that Thou didst come, dear Lord,
To show us first our wretched sinful selves,
And then Thy tender mercy, that can take
Each for Thine own dear child for Jesus' sake—
Thanks for the gracious word.

Then, Lord, ourselves to Thee
We gladly yield, for this and every year,
Till Thou shalt call us to our heavenly Home,
Whence nevermore our wayward feet shall roam
When once Thy face we see.

Whate'er this year may bring
To us, of sunshine most or darksome cloud,
Still may our feet unwearied, press toward Heaven,
Knowing that all in surest love is given
By Thee, our Lord and King.

“The same yesterday, to-day and forever.”

Good Friday.

"My Lord and my God."

Upon the cross in agony of woe
 My Saviour hung,
Not one sharp pang did my dear Lord forego
Of anguish my cold heart can never know:
 His heart was wrung
 With pain for me.

Yes, that pure heart of Christ, that heart of love—
 Ah! how unlike mine!
Like only to the Father's heart above
And to the Comforter's, the Holy Dove,
 Sinless, Divine—
 Was pierced for me.

And yet I, careless, sing along life's way,
 And that dread hour
When Jesus' precious life blood ebbed away
And night, astonished, hid the face of day,
 Hath lost its power
 To chasten me.

Almighty Saviour, bid this lifeless heart
From death arise
And mourn that its own sins once formed a part
Of Thy sad Passion, and had power to start
Tears from Thine eyes,
Jesus, for me!

“He ascended into Heaven and sitteth on the right hand
of God the Father Almighty.”

No longer does the thorn-crown press thy brow,
Jesus my King!
But in its stead a light divine shines there,
So dazzling, only sinners here below,
Looking through mists of penitential tears,
Can bear its radiance: seraphs near the Throne
Must veil their faces while Thy praise they sing,
Jesus my King.

The precious hands once pierced on earth for me,
Jesus my King!
The hands which once a world's sin-burden bore,
Are now outstretched in blessing evermore,
On work of purest, holiest love intent,
In welcome to the weary penitent,

Or intercession at the Father's Throne
For every contrite, broken hearted one;
Or clasping to Thy tender, gracious breast,
Each ransomed soul that enters into rest,
Jesus my King.

O blessed home where Thou art reigning now,
Jesus my King!

Where never enters weary earthly fears:
Where "GOD Himself doth wipe away all tears"!
When shall my happy spirit soar above
To dwell with Thee Whom here on earth I love?
"Listen, my child," the Comforter is come,
He fits thee daily for this blessed Home.
With Him within thy heart thou canst not miss
The road to lead thee on to Paradise,
To Me thy King.

Ascension and Whitsuntide, 1869.

"O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and
one God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

O FATHER! God of Heaven,
List to a sinner's cry,
Bend down that loving ear of Thine,
O let me feel Thee nigh.

I grieve Thee day by day
And yet would be Thy child:
Thou from eternity so pure,
And I by sin defiled.

Father, behold me not.
Look Thou at Thy right hand
And see Thy well-beloved Son
As Intercessor stand.

Pleads His dear voice for me,
"Father, forgive, I pray :
'Twas for this wretched sinner's guilt
My life-blood ebbed away."

Then as the Father looks
On His Beloved's face,
Such glorious light of love shines there,
Such pure and dazzling grace,

That my poor self is lost.
Naught does Omniscience see
But my Redeemer's perfect work
Imaged in sinful me.

And Thou, O Holy Dove,
Thou Comforter Divine,
What could have led me to my God
But that sweet voice of Thine?

Thou whisperest to my soul,
 “Sinner, give Me thy heart.”
Thou winnest me with loving power
 To choose the better part.
O Holy Three in One,
 Thou Blessed Trinity,
Seal Thou my soul to be Thine own,
 Now and eternally.

Hymn for the Holy Communion.

“For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till He come.”

Jesus! be with us while for a brief season
 Our wayward souls would fain abide with Thee.
Gladly would we obey Thy gracious mandate,
 “Thine shalt thou do in memory of Me.”

Since last we knelt at this Thy Holy Table,
 How vainly have our solemn vows been kept,
Daily and hourly from our Master straying,
 Far in the distance our resolves are left.

Yet, Lord, Thy mercy and Thy love are boundless,
 To us poor wanderers aid and succor give,
Dwell in each heart, by Thy indwelling Spirit,
 That in Thy strength and not our own we live.

O Christ our Saviour! Pity Thou our weakness,
Draw us by faith and love nearer to Thee:
Our own poor souls wear not the wedding garment,
Thy spotless righteousness is all our plea.

O joy beyond compare! the Saviour calleth
Each weary soul to lay its burden down
Low at His cross,—thus lightened our freed spirits
May upward rise to seek a heavenly crown.

One shadow dims my heart at this dear season,
'Tis that not all I love are here to-day.
Alas! They have been here,—but sad confession,
They from their Master's Board have turned away:

Gone from God's house on earth as though forgetful,
That heavenly cheer to-day awaits them here,
Gone with the careless and the worldly-minded,
As if in things divine they had no share.

Would unto God! they for awhile would linger,
And each with humble, sad and contrite heart,
All that they need to claim a Saviour's welcome,
At this dear festal board would take a part.

Jesus! have mercy. Call them by Thy Spirit,
Ere they unblest shall see Thee passing by,
Pity their blindness, here on earth restore them,
Lest in Thy kingdom they ne'er sup with Thee.

And Lord may we who stay be true disciples,
Grant that no Judas-heart be here to-day,
And though we hourly grieve Thee, yet forbid it,
That to the world our Master we deny.

Now strengthened by this hour of sweet communion,
Fearless into the world we'll go,
We who are Christ's "beloved" are God's "accepted."
Therefore we fear no evil, dread no foe.

For to the Christian heart, however weary,
There comes no sorrow Jesus will not share,
Nor holds wide a spot so sad and dreary
But, Sun of Righteousness, Thou shinest there.

And when on earth our life's brief day be ended,
That light shall guide us, e'en through death's dark night,
On to the realms of glory, where with JESUS,
Grief shall be turned to joy,—faith end in sight.

The first Sunday in Heaven.

The golden sunshine fades
From out the glowing west,
The stars gleam soft "good night"
To this holy day of rest,

But my heart is weary now,
For the loved ones gone before."
I can scarce say, "All is well,"
To be parted evermore!
Ah, faithless one, know'st not full well,
If Christ within thy heart doth dwell,
'Tis not forevermore?

Ah, precious Jesus! Thou
Tears upon earth did shed,
Tears o'er a loved one's grave,
Tears for the sainted dead:
None lovest, Lord, as Thou.
Help then my sorrowing heart
This heavy cross to bear.
Heal Thou the bitter smart.
Poor soul! thou'lt conquer in the strife,
The Resurrection and the Life
Is Christ, thy risen Lord.

The star-lit night of earth
By faith's keen glance is riven,
Till through the summer sky
There gleams the light of Heaven.
Almost mine eyes can see,
Mid angel throngs on high,

One who but late with us,
Watched the peaceful twilight die.
Shall I weep that her feet have first won the race?
Shall I mourn that she seeth face to face
The Lord Whom on earth she loved?

The Christening.

Softly the sweet spring sunshine
Falls o'er the earth to-day:
Soon will its light be darkened,
Yet earnestly we pray
Christ's emblem on thy brow, fair child,
May never fade away.
Earnest of life eternal
Is given to thee now:
God guide thee, little pilgrim,
All thy life-journey through
And grant thy soul, for Christ's dear sake,
Be pure as driven snow.
Bathed in that Fount immortal,
Thy soul-life ne'er can cease:
Who drink of Living Waters
In strength must aye increase,
And the sunshine of God's presence there
Bring rainbow hues of peace.

Fight then beneath His banner,
Howe'er the world may frown:
Till—all thy warfare ended—
Thou'lt lay thine armor down,
And Christ's dear Cross upon thy brow
Be changed for Heaven's crown.

Mizpah.

“Mizpah”: ah, sweetest, holiest benediction
That aching hearts can whisper as they part:
Surely its heavenly radiance must illumine,
E'en to its darkest depths, the sorrowing heart.

For if the Lord be watching, what can harm us?
All things to them that love Him, work for good.
And not the tenderest love, if it be human,
Can from all evil shield, as fain it would.

Therefore, beloved, whene'er our hearts are shadowed
By the sad thought that we must parted be,
Let “Mizpah” bring to each, sure consolation,
For “the Lord watcheth” between thee and me.

Genesis xxxi: 49.

Hymn for a Christian sufferer.

“ Rejoice in that ye are partakers of Christ's suffering.”

The earthly temple which so long
My soul hath called her own,
Is now fast crumbling into dust,
'Twill soon be overthrown ;
Yet in each added hour of life
A Father's love I see,
Though I am weak and suffering
And longing to be free.

II. Cor. iv : 16.

When from my sleepless couch I view
The light of coming day,
I'll think of the dark night of sin
In which my spirit lay,
And of the Sun of Righteousness
Which made its darkness light,
And chasing doubts and fears away,
Will change faith into sight.

I. John iii : 2.

And if another night I'm still
In this poor body pent,
I'll look out on the gentle stars
And think of Him who sent

The guiding star of Bethlehem,
To point the humble place
Where lay the wondrous Saviour child,
Who now Heaven's throne doth grace.

Heb. xiii : 8.

My soul will soon behold Him !
Oh ! that the hour would come
When Heaven's gate shall open
To receive me to my home !
I'll mourn not, though I'm parting
With loved ones who on earth
Have oft-times cheered my pathway :
They too claim a heavenly birth.

Eph. ii : 18, 19.

Soon will end their day of sorrow,
Soon close their mortal strife,
And through Jesus' name they'll enter
The inheritance of Life.
And when they're upward soaring
To their dwelling in the sky,
My soul will come and meet them,
And homeward with them fly.

John xvii : 24. John xiv : 2.

And when at times a feeling
Of dread steals o'er my heart,
Dread of the last struggle
When soul and body part,
I'll think of His sweet promise,
That though all friends must fail,
Not lonely nor forsaken
Shall I enter the dark vale.

Isaiah xliii : 1, 2. Psalm xxiii : 4.

"I will come and receive you,"
He said in gentle tone,—
And upon His bosom leaning
My spirit shall go home.
Jesus for His beloved
Thus tenderly doth care.
Not e'en with the bright angels
Will He the burden share.

John xiv : 6. Luke xxiii : 43.

And oh! the heavenly rapture
Which my ransomed spirit thrills,
As, amid the golden sunshine
On the everlasting hills,
I greet my long-lost darlings,
Earth's dear ones gone before,
Waiting in light to greet me,
Safe on the other shore.

I. Cor. ii : 9.

Where'er my body resteth,
It matters not to me,
All earth is in God's keeping,
Each atom that we see.
If flowers shall bloom above me,
May all who on them gaze,
Think of the hand that formed them
And of His wondrous ways.
He to a flower compareth
This fleeting life of ours,
May we bloom in His garden
May we be Heaven's flowers!
When wintry winds are blowing
And snow wreaths crown my grave,
Think of the wondrous mercy
Of Him who came to save
From swift and sure destruction
Each contrite heart below,
And "though their sins be scarlet"
Hath made them "white as snow."
Thus may I still, dear Jesus,
Be unto all I love
One who "though dead yet speaketh,"
To draw their hearts above;
That in the heavenly mansions
Eternity may show
Not one sweet spirit missing
Of all I've loved below.

John x : 16.

Into Thine ear, dear Jesus,
I breathe this earnest prayer.
Now fold me to Thy bosom
To rest forever there.

“And the inhabitant shall not say, ‘I am sick.’” “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

“So shall we be ever with the Lord.”

“For if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”

A Hymn of Trust.

“The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

Thou “who rememberest we are but dust,”
List to Thy children as they cry to Thee;
Forgive the languid faith that scarce can trust;
The murmuring heart that scarce can patient be;
We would so gladly heed Thy sweet command,
“Go work to-day.” We long to do our part
In gathering harvests white on every hand!
Lord, Thou’lt forgive. Thou seest the willing heart!

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Could we but patient be of this behest—
Could our impatient spirits listen as they wait,
They'd hear the footsteps of the heavenly Guest
Who ofttimes comes to whisper, "Peace at length,"
And tell us that to work His gracious will,
He needeth not the aid of human strength.

We then would know our strength was "to sit still."

But pity us, O gracious heart of love!

Forgive our murmurings, teach us to be brave
And patient! Lift our thoughts above

Our weary selves, to Him who died to save
A world from sin. He needed not our help

And we would fain be patient with our loss.
This our life-lesson—Christ pleased not Himself;
And this our burden—waiting 'neath our cross.

"Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities,
That the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Song.

Why should we e'er hope on earth
For a bright to-morrow
When full many a stormcloud lowers
Threatening us with sorrow?
Can our Father's promise fail?
Doubt we the sweet story?
When our life's dark day is past
Cometh Heaven's glory.

Look we then beyond the cloud
To the sunbeams shining!
With so blessed hope in store,
Cease each vain repining!
Then with earnest heart and hand,
We'll be up and doing,—
In our Blessed Master's work
"Faint, but yet pursuing."

Loving hearts are 'round us here,
Soon may cease their beating;
But in Heaven's eternal Home
Sweet will be their meeting.
May each voice which mingles here
In this simple chorus,
Sing among the angel choir
In the life before us.

Watching the Old Year out, and the New Year in.

“And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man save Jesus only.”

Alone at solemn midnight
I watch the dying year.
No friend is near save Jesus ;
His face I cannot fear.
For though my soul's accusers
Have clamored loud and deep,
Alone with “Jesus only,”
He lulls them all to sleep.
Nay, rather in His presence
They hide themselves from sight.
Such wretched works of darkness
Abide not heavenly light,
Gazing on “Jesus only”:
I see those sins forgiven :
His face all pure and holy
Brings only thoughts of Heaven.
Thank God Christ's blood-shedding
Blots out this sinful year !
Upon its dreary memory
Only His love shines clear.
The cross for me uplifted
On Calvary's gloomy hill,
Bears now this year's sad burden,

Yet standeth firmly still.
Oh Jesus, hear my pleading !
Make me now wholly Thine.
Abide with me forever,
Thou gracious Guest Divine.
Thou whisperest to my spirit,
“Go thou and sin no more.”
Abide Thou here, my Jesus,
Thy presence I implore ;
Lest haply Satan's legions
My wayward heart beguile,
And, Thy sweet love forgotten,
I lose thy gracious smile.
And Lord, my earthly dear ones
This night I bring to Thee
For Thy sweet benediction,
Thy love so full and free.
Guide us, O dearest SAVIOUR Jesus,
In this and every year :
And thus “alone with Jesus”
Nor life nor death we fear.

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.”



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